The World.

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IMAGINE NEW YORK.

IMAGINATION makes a city great.

There is food for thought in the degree to which a recent suggestion in this column for keeping the Equitable site open to give light, air and beauty to the cavernous depths of lower Broadway has found favor and led to discussion of ways and means definitely to acquire the land for a public park.

In a city governed as New York is governed, public interest and public opinion are the ultimate propelling forces behind all foresight and planning. In European cities the quiet, even secret, determination of a council is enough. There they believe in allowing a few men in authority to imagine things and carry them out for the benefit of the people. Here we believe in letting the people in on the imagination business, that they may grasp and carry through improvements for themselves. We believe ours is the better way because it develops greater initiative, responsibility and pride in the citizens.

The people of New York are ready to cultivate this kind of imagination. They can begin to look at the city with an eye to its future. Their vision should grow every year more confident, more daring.

Great benefits and betterments, the cutting through of thoroughfares, the clearing of parks and plazas, the acquiring of valuable private property for the public good—all these things often present obstacles of opposition and expense that to the timid seem insurmountable. In most cases they are not insurmountable. Imagination and authority stride over or cut through them.

A story told of the famous Baron Haussmann, who wrought wonders in improving the streets of Paris, describes him collapsed one day in utter dejection in the inner workroom of Napoleon III. The resistance of private interests to his plan for a certain street through the heart of the city had completely discouraged him. "It's impossible," he said, bitterly. "I see no way to build it."

"On the contrary," replied the Emperor, "it is perfectly simple." Whereupon he caught up a ruler and a blue pencil and drew upon the map of Paris a bold, straight line—which became the broad Boulevard Sebastopol of to-day.

Public opinion here and now can do this city imperial service. Blue pencil the Equitable site. Begin to imagine New York.

MAKING THEMSELVES IMPOSSIBLE.

THE latest outrage on the part of the London suffragettes in pouring acid and ink into letter-boxes, thereby wantonly destroying letters containing cheques and draughts and causing incalculable loss and embarrassment to the public, gives more cause seriously to think than ever. How long before their logic will push these addle-brained women to even more extremes? They argue that violent measures are necessary to force the government to attend to their demands. Then if making unbearable nuisances of themselves and destroying other people's property fails to secure them the desired attention, will it come to shooting passersby in Piccadilly and blowing up the National Gallery? These English suffragists are moving straight on to a time when they will prowl hand in hand with the anarchists and require to be treated accordingly. Already they need the same police surveillance.

This country should be proud that twenty thousand of its women who want the vote can march peaceably through the streets of New York and draw wide and respectful attention to the strength of their demand without so much as a hint of these crazy, disgusting acts of criminal frenzy and light-headedness that disgrace their sistren across the seas.

WHO ought to be held responsible for shop refuse that litters the streets? We hear much about regulations and duties imposed upon landlords and owners. Are there no rules for the tenant? Why should it cost this city $40,000 a year to sweep up the papers and rubbish that storekeepers fling into the street? The way to keep the streets tidy with least expense is to measure out a few ounces of prevention in the shape of ordinances and penalties for those who cause the disorder. In Paris they fine a man for throwing a paper on the sidewalk. Why should any self-respecting shopkeeper in New York expect the city to save him the trouble of decently storing his rubbish and refuse in a proper receptacle?

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Aesop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

—John Selden, died Nov. 30, 1654.

Letters From the People

In November.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In which month does the Indian summer come? F. N.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find an account of the total number of flags of all nations and the number of nations or countries? G. S.

Apply to Supreme Court.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How could I have my name changed? BRONXITE.

Wednesday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day did Nov. 14, 1888, fall? L. S.

The Taxi Fight.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have watched your fight for lower taxicab rates, which I must say is admirably testing the crookedness of these corporations. Will some reader kindly explain what authority the hotels have for charging a per cent. to these companies when that money would seem to me to belong to the public? The streets are owned by the public, and belong to the public. Why should the companies insist upon the present plan? We, the citizens, should demand a new system to remedy not only the rates but to protect lives. Something must happen and soon. S. H. R.

Wants Mathematical Rule.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would one of your mathematical readers kindly explain the rule by which the multiplier for column discounts is obtained? For instance, an article is sold at a list price of $175 per dozen, subject to certain column discounts, as 35, 15, 7 1-2 and 5 per cent. Instead of figuring each of these discounts separately, a multiplier is used, by which the list price is multiplied, and the result gives you either the total amount of the discount, or the net price of the article. This should interest lots of your readers. W. J. A.

"Girls and Justice" Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read a letter condemning the action of girls who forcibly resented the attentions of mashers. I wish to state that I do not agree with the writer. If more girls would show their bravery in that way gay young chaps would be less liable to "mistake strange girls for friends." These mistakes are generally made "accidentally on purpose." It is not always what the young man says that angers the girl. It is how he says it. V. W.

Such Is Life!

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

By Maurice Ketten

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

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Mrs. Jarr Encounters That Rarity, A Genuine Neighbor, in New York.

"I'LL tell you," said Mrs. Blammer, the Second avenue employment agency proprietress, "it's too late in the afternoon for any of the girls to come in. They are out doing their Christmas shopping early, or at the moving pictures, or visiting friends. Come in to-morrow morning, and I think you can be suited."

Mrs. Jarr sighed, and she and Mrs. Rangle arose to go home, after effusive goodbys to Mrs. Blammer. "For (as Mrs. Jarr said) those people may pick one a good girl, so it is best to keep in with them."

Mrs. Blammer wheezed out of her dingy office after them and called down the stairs:

"And I've got a letter from a girl in the country, a good strong girl, not spoiled. And, if you don't get suited before she comes to town, I'll save her for you!"

Hope springs eternal in the housewife's breast. Coming from somewhere, sometime, there may be the jewel of a girl! Who knows? And why be a pessimist? Mrs. Jarr shrilled back her heartfelt thanks for the comforting thought of the country girl.

Arriving at their street, Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle parted with many chidings to each other for neglect of social obligations.

"Why," concluded Mrs. Jarr, "You and Mr. Rangle might just as well be in Africa for all we see of you at our house! It was so sweet of you to go around to those dreadful agencies with me to-day. And when I get a good girl you and Mr. Rangle MUST come to dinner and spend the evening."

"That's just what I was saying to Mr. Rangle, the other evening, "replied Mrs. Rangle. "I said to him: 'Why DON'T the Jarrs come over once in a while, as they use to? Are you and Mr. Jarr on the outs?'"

"Well, that's settled!" said Mrs. Jarr, "Goodby! I know the children will be crying for supper, and Mr. Jarr will be having the fidgets, and everything will be waiting for me! Oh, dear, isn't it terrible!"

But it wasn't terrible at all. A savory smell of fresh hot biscuits greeted Mrs. Jarr's nostrils at the door, and the children danced around her crying gleefully:

"Old Mrs. Dusenberry's here, and she's getting such a grand supper for you! We're going to have hot rolls and apple dumplings. And she's cooked tangled britches for us. They ain't cold yet!"

"Tangled britches?" inquired Mrs. Jarr.

"Yes," said the neighborly old lady from Indiana, "tanglebritches is what we calls 'em in Taylor Township. They're a sort of doughnut, you know. You jest cut your cruller dough flat and criss-cross, and when they cooks in the hot lard they look like tangled britches."

"How sweet of you to come over and give us a hand, you dear old thing!"

"Well, Elmer, who works in the saloon at the corner, tells Tony the coal man, who tells me, that your hired gal up and leaves you without a word," explained the old lady from Indiana, "so I puts on my shawl and comes over, neighborly-like."

"It WAS neighborly like, indeed!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Of all the people I know, you and Mrs. Rangle are the only REAL neighbors I have.

"After all it is country people, (for Mrs. Rangle was a country girl, too, who give a helping hand when a neighbor is in trouble and distress."

"Well, country people have their selfish fusses, too," said the old lady. "The Beasleys scalded our hogs, and my Gabe had the law on 'em. Old Man Fladdock had a line fence fuss for ten years with us. They was our two nearest families, and I tell you I sometimes think it's a comfort to live in town where you have so many neighbors you can't be quarrelling with them all."

"I don't believe you kept up any quarrels with any neighbors if they were sick and in trouble," said Mrs. Jarr, smiling at this naive confession.

"Well," said the old lady, "when Mandy Beasley's twins were born I did go over a few times and we finally made the men folks quit their lawing. And when Emmie Fladdock run off and got married she did come to see me to git me to go with her to her folks.

"But," here the old lady's eyes twinkled, "I did enjoy going to the Squire's office on that law suit with the Beasleys for a while, and I wouldn't let old Man Fladdock threaten to shoot my old man, and I did stand with the gun while Gabe tore down the line fence that treapassed on our land; but, after it was all over, I did enjoy making up.

"Neighbors has to have fusses once in a while lest to take away the lonesomeness. But you never fusses with that stuck up Mrs. Stryver, or that silly, flirtatious Clara Mudridge-Smith, do you?"

"No," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I think I will. It might relieve the lonesomeness, as you say, and take my mind off my not having a girl."

Domestic Dialogues

By Alma Woodward

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THE HOUSEHOLD ROUTINE.

Scene: The dining-room of Daly flat.
Time: 7 P. M.

MR. D. (entering briskly)—Well? Dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a bear, and I washed up down at the office, so there need be no delay. It's funny, since I've stopped smoking, what an appetite I've got.

Mrs. D. (pessimistically)—Oh, I didn't see much the matter with your appetite before that. You used to talk a lot about lack of it and the probability of your fading away slowly but surely. But you piled in just the same.

Mr. D. (testily)—I may have eaten, but I never had the real appetite behind it. I just ate to keep alive.

Mrs. D. (sceptically)—Ye-eh!

(The maid brings in some dishes and places them before Mrs. D.)

Mr. D. (sniffing)—What's that mess?

Mrs. D. (nervously)—It's a French dish I got out of the "Ladies' Squealer" "poulet emince aux champignons."

Mr. D. (hostilely)—What does it mean?

Mrs. D.—It means minced chicken with mushrooms.

Mr. D. (with much ferocity)—Chicken? No such thing! That's some more of that same, blamed turkey—that's what it is. I had it hot for dinner Thursday, cold for supper Thursday night; hashed for breakfast Friday morning, pot pie for dinner Friday night; creamed for breakfast this morning, and now you're trying to hide it from me under a lot of fruits and flowers to-night! I won't eat the stuff—that's all! I won't eat it!

Mrs. D. (firmly)—You gotta eat it. It cost $4.60 and you gotta eat every bit of it. I can't afford to buy any more meat this week.

Mr. D. (viciously)—Why did you get such a big turkey? Why didn't you get a smaller one or a chicken, so we could eat it all up in one meal?

Mrs. D. (impatiently)—Oh, you couldn't have chicken on Thanksgiving. And a little turkey looks so skimpy! What would the Russels have thought?

Mr. D. (triumphantly)—There! See? There it is! Always putting yourself, our pocketbook, and the routine of this household out for company. Why? I object to my way of doing things being interfered with just because a few people choose to come to see me.

Mrs. D. (wearily)—Oh, for goodness' sake forget it! You love to hear yourself talk, don't you?

Mr. D. (masterfully)—Yes! And I'm going to keep on talking until I've said all I want to say. My bathrobe always hangs on the inside of my bedroom door. When people are here, you go and stack my bathrobe away in some closet. It's things like that I object to. Why should my bathrobe be moved?

Mrs. D.—Because it isn't very new and it isn't very pretty—in fact, it's a cheesy bathrobe and the bedroom door looks better without it.

Mr. D. (scornfully)—Looks better without it! What the—what the—do I care how it looks! If it looks good enough for me, it's good enough for any one else. See?

Mrs. D. (sotto voce)—Hear! Hear!

Mr. D. hains herself to some turkey mince, &c., and begins to eat calmly.)

Mr. D. (with rage)—What're you doing?

Mrs. D. (haughtily)—If I haven't made a great mistake, I believe I'm eating.

Mr. D. (getting hotter)—What'er you eating?

Mrs. D. (very calmly)—My dinner.

Mr. D. (boiling)—You haven't served me. What are you going to do? Sit there and see me starve?

Mrs. D.—You said you wouldn't eat the stuff. I wouldn't force people to eat anything they didn't want. I never do. It isn't form you know.

Mr. D. (viciously)—IS THAT SO? (sliding his plate over.) Well, give me some of that mess. But I'll tell you one thing right now: We won't have turkey on Christmas. I'm not going through this again.

Mrs. D. (sweetly)—Very well. We'll have chicken. You've invited the president of your firm up for dinner, you know.

Mr. D. (dismayed)—That's so—I did. Well—er—er I guess we may as well have turkey.

Mrs. D. (persistently)—A small one. A very small one, you said, didn't you?

Mr. D. (nervously)—Well—er—er I don't—er—

Mrs. D. (very innocently)—And I'll leave your bathrobe hanging on the inside of your bedroom door on that day, too.

Mr. D. (helplessly)—Why—er—I guess I wouldn't. It isn't a very swell looking garment, is it? And er—(laughs apologetically.)

Mrs. D. (yawning)—Yes, yes, I understand. There's no use going into explanations. I was just wondering when you were going to get over your wanton extravagance in the expenditure of breath!

Poverty's Charms.

"What did you have to be thankful for yesterday?"

"That I never did care much for turkey, anyhow."

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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Dental Number.

(WRITTEN, AFTER HAVING ONE'S SMILE REPAIRED.)

A PEARL in the mouth is worth two on the finger.

The difference between a dentist and a husband is that one is continually trying to devise some way to make a woman keep her mouth open, and the other is forever trying to discover some way to make her keep it shut.

Extracting a proposal from a man is getting to be almost as difficult as extracting a tooth. One has to draw it out of him when he is totally unconscious, and then show him the proofs when he comes to.

A good wife, like a good tooth, is one that is an ornament in time of gayety, a comfort in times of hunger, and perfectly passive at all other times.

Nowadays, there are specialists in all branches of dentistry. Alas, it is only in love that men insist on remaining general practitioners.

The love-making of a flirt reminds one of a porcelain tooth; it is pretty enough to fill in with, but too highly polished to be convincing.

The average man's wife is something like his teeth; he never notices her existence, unless she happens to bother him.

False teeth are the tombstones in the graveyard of beauty.

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green.

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"IN the case of Albert T. Patrick," remarked the head polisher, "the old 'if at first you don't succeed try, try again' stuff came across good and strong."

MARTIN GREEN.

"On Wednesday night," said the laundry man, "when word that Gov. Dix had pardoned Patrick sped through the cafes and the theatres and other places of assemblage of the populace, one remark was heard hundreds of times. It was: 'The next to be turned out will be Harry Thaw.'

"You see it happened that Patrick's fight for freedom, which had been set back several times by the courts, was bulwarked by the millions of a wealthy relative. And it has happened before that men backed by millions or by powerful political or social influences have escaped the full measure of punishment decreed by courts and juries after fair trials. In fact, the power of money is all important in such matters. As, indeed, it is in almost everything.

"New York has long been cynical about the capacity of the law to punish criminals of great wealth or great influence. To some extent this cynicism was dissipated by the conviction of Becker and the four gunmen. The issuance of a pardon to Patrick by the Governor without consultation with the local authorities has revived the old, widespread conviction that wealth is all powerful in New York.

"A witness from out of town testified at the Aldermanic inquiry the other day that 'In New York you can do anything with money.' He said it was the common impression in this community and it had been strengthened in his case by remarks made to him by a New York policeman.

"Gov. Dix, of course, acted within his legal and personal rights in pardoning Patrick on the representations of Patrick and Patrick's counsel. Possibly the Governor had not heard of one of Patrick's attempts to reopen his case on the ground of new evidence when a crowd of backwoods folk was brought to New York from Texas and Louisiana. These people came here prepared to swear that Jones, the valet, had admitted to them that his confession, on which Patrick was convicted, was false.

"Mr. Jerome was District-Attorney. And it didn't take him long to show that the imported testimony was perjured. He sent at least one of the Texas witnesses to sing sing and let others go because of their dense, almost pitiable ignorance. An investigation might have shown who schooled these perjured witnesses and who furnished the money. But the Patrick case had already cost the county almost a quarter of a million dollars and the matter was allowed to rest."

Once More for Teddy!

"FOR persistence," said the head polisher, "Patrick hasn't much on the Progressives, who are arranging, it appears, to run Roosevelt for Governor in 1914."

"The interests of the poor and downtrodden," said the laundry man, "are always before the Progressives—even two years before. Of course William Sulzer has not been inaugurated yet, but the Progressives know full well that

William Sulzer is going to grind the faces of the pee-pul in the dust; he is going to plunge New York into the depths of misery and woe. It behooves the Bull Moosers to be on hand two years from now to yank New York out of said depths.

"Far be it from me to insinuate that the Bull Moosers would play politics. I wouldn't dare suggest that the Bull Moosers, being the third party in this State, are planning to poll a bigger vote than the Republicans in 1914, and thus absorb what is left of the G. O. P. Not on your life. Feeling the deepest sympathy for the poor unfortunate, misguided pee-pul, the Bull Moosers are planning for their relief—the pee-pul's relief—two years in advance."

Not a Chance of It!

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that Mayor Gayner says we teach the children in our public schools too much refinement."

"If the Mayor would stand outside a big public school some afternoon and

hear the conversation and observe the actions of the Happy Youth pouring into the streets he would find that the refinement doesn't stick," replied the laundry man.

The Day's Good Stories

Fatal Error.

HE came down the garden path, a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with anxious eyes.

"How did father take it?" she asked.

"He took it all right," replied the young man.

"Oh, I am so glad, George!" she cried.

"Are you?" replied George, flopping forlornly by her side. "Well, I can't say that I am, dear. At first your father wouldn't listen to me.'

"Why didn't you tell him that you had $2,500 in the bank, as I told you to?" she exclaimed.

"I did, after all else had failed," answered George dejectedly.

"And what did he do then?"

"De," echoed the young man, passing his hand wearily through his hair. "He borrowed it!"—Philadelphia Record.

A Modern Version.

RETURNING from an Eastern trip one day recently, a local man was recounting his experiences for the edification of other members of his household.

"While in Baltimore," he said, "I tried to find some of father's relations, but I was unable to locate them. Odd, too, because they have an uncommon name."

"What is the name?" inquired Robert, aged nine.

"Black," replied the parent. "It's an old Scotch name."

"Were they up-to-date people?" asked the boy.

"Up-to-date," of course they are, as far as I know; why do you ask that?"

"Oh," replied the youngster, with a grin, "I thought they might have changed their names to taxicab."—Youngstown Telegram.

Significant.

"ALBERT, what did your sister say when you told her I was in the parlor waiting?" inquired the bashful young man.

"Nothing." But she took a ring off one finger an' put it on another."—Lippincott's.

Wholesale Demand.

NAT GOODWIN and a friend were walking along Fifth avenue one afternoon when they stopped to look into a florist's window, in which there was an artistic arrangement of exquisite roses.

"What wonderful American Beauties those are, Nat," said the friend delightedly.

"They are, indeed," replied Nat.

"You see, I am very fond of that flower," continued the friend. "In fact, I might say it is my favorite. You know, Nat, I married an American beauty."

"Well," said Nat, dryly, "you haven't anything on me. I married a chorus."—Exchange.